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THE INDIAN TEMPLE,

TAJ MAHAL,

AT AGRA.

THE Taj is built on the bank of the Jumna, rather more than a mile to the eastward of the Fort of Agra. It is approached by a handsome road, cut through the mounds left by the ruins of ancient palaces. Like the tomb of Akbar, it stands in a large garden, inclosed by a lofty wall of red sandstone, with arched galleries around the interior. The entrance is a superb gateway of sandstone, inlaid with ornaments and inscriptions from the Koran, in white marble. Outside of this grand portal, however, is a spacious quadrangle of solid masonry, with an elegant structure intended as a caravanserai, on the opposite side. Whatever may be the visitor's impatience, he cannot help pausing to notice the fine proportions of these structures, and the rich and massive style of their architecture. The gate to the garden of the Taj is not so large as that of Akbar's tomb, but quite as beautiful in design. Passing under the open demi-vault, whose arch hangs high above you, an avenue of dark Italian cypresses appears before you. Down its centre sparkles a long row of fountains, each casting up a single slender jet. On both sides, the palm, the banyan, and the feathery bamboo mingle their foliage; the song of birds meets your ear, and the odour of roses and lemon-flowers sweetens the air. Down such a vista, and over such a foreground, rises the Taj.

It is an octagonal building, or rather, a square with the corners truncaded, and each side precisely similar. It stands upon a lofty platform, or pedestal, with a minaret at each corner, and this, again, is lifted on a vast terrace of solid masonry. An Oriental dome, swelling out boldly from

the base into nearly two-thirds of a sphere, and tapering at the top into a crescent-tipped spire, crowns the edifice, rising from its centre, with four similar, though much smaller domes, at the corners. On each side there is a grand entrance, formed by a single pointed arch, rising nearly to the cornice, and two smaller arches, (one placed above the other) on either hand. The height of the building, from its base to the top of the dome, is 262 feet, and of the minarets, about 200 feet. But no words can convey an idea of the exquisite harmony of the different parts, and the grand and glorious effect of the whole structure, with its attendant minarets.

The material is of the purest white marble, little inferior to that of Carrara. It shines so dazzlingly in the sun, that you can scarcely look at it near at hand, except in the morning and evening. Every part—even the basement, the dome, and the upper galleries of the minarets—is inlaid with ornamental designs in marble of different colours, principally a pale brown, and a bluish violet variety. Great as are the dimensions of the Taj, it is as laboriously finished as one of those Chinese caskets of ivory and ebony, which are now so common in Europe. Bishop Heber truly said: "The Pathans designed like Titans, and finished like jewellers." Around all the arches of the portals and the windows—around the cornice and the domes—on the walls and in the passages, are inlaid chapters of the Koran, the letters being exquisitely formed of black marble. It is asserted that the whole of the Koran is thus inlaid in the Taj, and I can readily believe it to be true. The building is perfect in every part. Any dilapidations it may have suffered are so well restored that all traces of them have disappeared.

I ascended to the base of the building—a gleaming marble platform, almost on a level with the tops of the trees in the garden. Before entering the central hall, I descended to the vault where the beautiful Noor-Jehan is buried. A sloping passage, the walls and floor of which have been so polished by the hands and feet of thousands, that you must walk carefully to avoid sliding down, conducts to a spacious vaulted chamber. There is no light but what enters the door, and this falls directly upon the tomb of the Queen in the centre. Shah-Jehan, whose ashes are covered by a simpler cenotaph, raised somewhat above hers, sleeps by her side. The vault was filled with odors of rose, jasmine, and sandal-wood, the precious attars of which are sprinkled upon the tomb. Wreaths of beautiful flowers lay upon it, or withered around its base.

These were the true tombs, the monuments for display being placed in the grand hall above, which is a lofty rotunda, lighted both from above and below by screens of marble, wrought in filigree. It is paved with blocks of white marble and jasper, and ornamented with a wainscoting of sculptured tablets, representing flowers. The tombs are sarcophagi of the purest marble, exquisitely inlaid with blood-stone, agate, cornelian, lapis-lazuli, and other precious stones, and surrounded with an octagonal screen six feet high, in the open tracery of which lilies, irises, and other flowers are inter-wrought with the most intricate ornamental designs. This is also of marble, covered with precious stones. From the resemblance of this screen and the workmanship of the tomb to Florentine mosaic, it is supposed by some to have been executed by an Italian artist; and I have even heard it stated that the Taj was designed by an Italian architect. One look at the Taj ought to assure any intelligent man that this is false—nay, impossible; from the very nature of the thing. The Taj is the purest Saracenic, in form, proportions, and ornamental designs. If that were not sufficient, we have still the name of the Moslem architect, sculptured upon the building.

I consider it extremely doubtful whether any Italian had anything to do with the work, though it is barely possible that one may have been employed upon the screen

around the tombs. In the weekly account of the expenditures for the building of the Taj, there is a certain sum mentioned as paid to “the foreign stone-cutter,” who may either have been Italian, Turkish, or Persian. As for the flowers, represented in bas-relief on the marble panels, it has been said that they are not to be found in India. Now these flowers, as near as they can be identified, are the tulip, the iris, (both natives of Persia,) and the lotus. But I noticed a curious feature in the sculpture, which makes it clear to me that the artist was a native. *The flowers lack perspective*, which would never have been the fault of an Italian artist of Shah Jehan’s time—about the middle of the seventeenth century. Bishop Heber has declared that he recognised Italian art in the ornaments of the Taj, but he declared also that its minarets have no beauty, that the Fort of Agra is built of granite, and fell into many other glaring errors, both of taste and observation, which I have no time to point out.

The dome of the Taj contains an echo more sweet, pure, and prolonged than that in the Baptistery of Pisa, which is the finest in Europe. A single musical tone, uttered by the voice, floats and soars overhead, in a long, delicious undulation, fainting away so slowly that you hear it after it is silent, as you see, or seem to see, a lark you have been watching, after it has been swallowed up in the blue heaven. I pictured to myself the effect of an Arabic or Persian lament for the lovely Noor Jehan, sung over her tomb. The responses that would come from above, in the pauses of the song, must resemble the harmonies of angels in Paradise. The hall, notwithstanding the precious materials of which it is built, and the elaborate finish of its ornaments, has a grave and solemn effect, infusing a peaceful serenity of mind, such as we feel when contemplating a happy death. Stern, unimaginative persons have been known to burst suddenly into tears, on entering it; and whoever can behold the Taj without feeling a thrill that sends the moisture to his eye, has no sense of beauty in his soul.

The Taj truly is, as I have already said, a poem. It is not only a pure architectural type, but also a creation

which satisfies the imagination, because its characteristic is Beauty. Did you ever build a castle in the air? Here is one, brought down to earth, and fixed for the wonder of ages; yet so light it seems, so airy, and, when seen from a distance, so like a fabric of mist and sunbeams, with its great dome soaring up, a silvery bubble, about to burst in the sun, that, even after you have touched it, and climbed to its summit, you almost doubt its reality. The four minarets which surround it are perfect—no other epithet will describe them. You cannot conceive of their proportions being changed in any way, without damage to the general effect. On one side of the Taj is a mosque with three domes, of red sand-stone, covered with mosaic of white marble. Now, on the opposite side, there is a building precisely similar, but of no use whatever, except as a balance to the mosque, lest the perfect symmetry of the whole design should be spoiled. This building is called the *jowab*, or “answer.” Nothing can better illustrate the feeling for proportion which prevailed in those days—and proportion is art.

In comparing those masterpieces of architecture with the Moorish remains in Spain, which resemble them most nearly, I have been struck with the singular fact, that while, at the central seats of the Moslem empire, art reached but a comparative degree of development, here, in India, and there, on the opposite and most distant frontiers, it attained a rapid and splendid culmination. The capitals of the Caliphs and Sultans—Bagdad, Cairo, Damascus, and Constantinople—stand far below Agra and Delhi, Granada and Seville, in point of architecture, notwithstanding the latter cities have but few and scattered remains. It is not improbable that the Moorish architects, after the fall of Granada, gradually made their way to the eastward, and that their art was thus brought to India—or, at least, that they modified and improved the art then existing. The conquest of India by Baber, (grandson of Tamerlane and grandfather of Akbar,) is almost coeval with the expulsion of the Moors from Granada.

But the sun grows hot; it is nearly noon. We have spent three hours in and around the Taj, and we must leave it.

Nothing that is beautiful can be given up without a pang, but if a man would travel, he must endure many such partings. I must add, however, before we go, that on the opposite bank of the Jumna there is an immense foundation-terrace, whereon it is said, Jeha Jehan intended to erect a tomb for himself of equal magnificence, but the rebellion of his sons, and his own death, prevented it. What the gods permitted to Love, they forbade to Vanity. A shekh, who takes care of the Taj, told me, that had the Emperor carried out his design, the tombs were to have been joined by a bridge, with a silver railing on each side. He told me that the Taj, with its gateways, mosque, and other buildings attached, had cost £7,000,000. This, however, is quite impossible, when we consider the cheapness of labour in those days. I believe the real cost is about £3,000,000, which does not seem exaggerated.—*Bayard Taylor's India.*

GIVING AWAY A CHILD.

A TOUCHING STORY.

On board one of the vessels bound for the Far West, was an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances; but the exceeding beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, was the admiration of all their fellow-passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travellers, and made application to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching, and as we suppose truthful account of the negotiation:

I proceeded, he says, immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair:

“You are very poor?”

His answer was very characteristic:

“Poor, sir!” said he; “ay, if there’s a poorer man than me troublin’ the world, God pity both of us, for we’d be about aiquil.”

“Then how do you manage to support your children?”

“Is it support them, sir? Why, I don’t support them any way; they get supported some way or other. It’ll be

time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir!" he cried; "a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us, what do you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied. "If, now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he; "Heaven knows that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but do tell uz what you're driving at."

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children; and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said:

"O, murther, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of them; an' it wouldn't be right to be giving away her children afore her face and she know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you, then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible."

In about half-an-hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he. "But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, may be the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix, and I don't know, sir," and he ran his eye over both. "Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, an' won't need

her mother so much; but then—oh, tear and aigers—it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first one that comes, wid a blessin'. There, sir," and he handed over little Norah; turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty, father's kiss, saying, through his tears:

"May God be good to him that's good to you, an' them that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Pether."

Then taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye he commenced making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" asked I.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ax your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we were thinkin' that maybe it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talking to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look ov me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av you please sir, will you swap?"

"Certainly," said I; "whenever you like."

So he snapped up little Norah, as though it were some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but, lo! the moment when we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I inquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sir, an' it's meself that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see I've been talkin' to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Norah, because she had a look of me, and, be my soul, I can't part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother, but there's little Paudeen, sir. There's a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any

one, for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap agin, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I; it's all the same to me," and so little Paudeen was left with me.

"Ha, ha," said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, "the affair is settled at last."

But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatching up the baby, cried out,

"It's no use; I've been talkin' to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest and the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, an Biddy has a look ov Mary; but, be me soul, laitle Paudeen has the mother's eye, an' my nose, an' a little of beth of uz all over! No, sir, no; we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part from our children, unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from us."

There spoke the affection of a true parent's heart. "We can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part with our children." And where is the loving father or mother who is not ready to make the same declaration? We can't bear to part with our children, even when we know it may result in their good. How dreadful must it be then to separate from them, if we believe that the separation will be final, or result in the suffering or death of the dear one; and if we are called upon to select the doomed or favoured one from our number, how difficult to make the "election." Like the poor son of Erin we should find them *all equally dear*. We recollect the incident related of Mr. Dustan and family, spoken of in the history of the settlement of New England. His house was surrounded by the savages. Sending his children, seven in number, forward in a path leading to the dwelling of another white settler, he mounted his horse, took his gun, and soon came up with them, the whole body of Indians in pursuit. He resolved to snatch one or two of his children and flee: but when he came to make the *election*, though he probably subscribed

to the Five Points of Calvinism, as all the early settlers of the country did, and, therefore, believed that God had elected a certain portion of his children to "glorify and enjoy Him forever," while He passed by and foreordained the remainder to suffer "the pains of hell forever," *he* (Mr. Dustan) found it impossible to practise the principle involved here. Whom should he *elect*—whom *pass by* and leave to the merciless tomahawk of the savage? *That* was the question to be settled, and oh, how difficult for a kind, affectionate father under the circumstances. He looked for a moment on his children. They were *all* equally dear to him. He could leave none to perish by the way, and he resolved to *save them all, or die with them*. His resolution being formed, it was enforced.

The Indians were around with bows and arrows only. He sent his children forward, and kept the enemy at bay with his gun, till they reached a place of safety.

Such would be the resolution—such the action of any good parent—no matter whether christian, infidel, or heathen, if he followed the promptings of what we call natural affection. And who placed that affection in his nature, but God, the Author of his being? Who made the ignorant son of Erin say, "Sure, sir, we can bear hard fortune, starvation and misery, but we can't bear to part from our children." Who placed within the bosom of Mr Dustan that spirit which prompted him to exclaim: "I will save all my children or die with them," but God his Creator? But has God made man *SUPERIOR TO HIMSELF*? Human creeds say so. If *you*, my reader, are a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, or a believer in a partial God, who will consign any portion of his children to endless pains, your faith places your God precisely in this position. He has given to his creature a better nature than He himself proves.

Is this possible? Can I confer virtues upon another which I do not possess?

Ah! God is the author of all goodness; all kindness, sympathy, and benevolence come from him. If we would not trust in a good earthly parent's affection, let us not doubt him whose goodness is boundless and eternal.

GOD IS LOVE.

THERE is no conviction, we are confident, so essential to be implanted in the mind as this: "God is Love." There is none that is so fruitful and operative, none that touches our conduct at so many points, or that supplies so much aid for a Christian life here, or that is so necessary to carry into our future and immortal existence. Preachers and theologians often seem to us to occupy the position of the Egyptian task-masters, who obliged the children of Israel, their slaves, to make brick without supplying them with straw to make it with. They require us to be good, without suggesting the grand motive that would make us so: God is good, God is Love. They tell us to be patient, submissive, and contented under the discipline of life, but they do not furnish the greatest of all possible arguments, viz: that God is working out for us in his love the best good of which we are capable. How is it possible to sustain the fabric of a life-long and progressive Christian character without some such enkindling and ever-growing motive to bear it up? They tell us to have faith in God; but how can we trust a being perfectly in whom we suppose such passions as anger, jealousy, vindictiveness, and wrath are active qualities, and apprehend that their scathing effect may alight upon our heads at any moment? They exhort us to love him with all our heart and soul; but fear steps in, and takes such fixed hold, that love cannot win an entrance. How can we love with perfect confidence and fulness of delight and sympathy a Being who is described as holding the key of a place of eternal torment, to which he has consigned his enemies, and over which is written in characters of fire, the awful words of Dante; "No hope to those who enter here?"

If any one cause has thwarted thus far the onward progress and success of christianity, and broken Christ's sceptre of command and influence over the nations, it is the substitution of a species of heathen divinity in the place of our Heavenly Father. The greatest of all the reforms of theology will be, to drive out the dark pagan creed, and establish in its place the

cheering faith of Jesus. If God is force, or fate, or king, or judge alone, very well, our conduct will take its cast and colouring from such views of God, and by its fruits our belief will speedily be known. Man's inhumanity to man is, in fact, often caused by a reflex imitation of what is supposed to be God's plan of action. Persecution, torture, the Inquisition, the gallows, despotism, slavery, all harsh and cruel punishment, all unjust, vindictive, and retaliatory acts, are but buds, blossoms, and Dead Sea apples on the upas-tree of an awful faith.

Against these dark views of God, and consequent cruel treatment of his children, we write the apostolic answer and remonstrance: "God is Love." Such is the revelation of Jesus, and it gives to the world a brightness above that of the sun. The naturalist takes his microscope and looks at ten thousand times ten thousand creatures full of life and happiness; but he brings back from the infinite world of the small, the glad intelligence, that every limb and organ of the minutest animalcule has been exquisitely made for use, beauty, and happiness, and not one for evil, pain, or wrong. He then directs his telescope to the sky, and traverses the vast fields of space, passing from world to world, and from system to system, and from one "island universe" to another; but after days and years spent in these sublime investigations he returns with no message of despair from his circumnavigation of the heaven of heavens. Every star and constellation repeats, "God is Love." It is the everlasting anthem of Nature. It is the chorus of Providence. Revelation blends all seeming discords in one grand harmony, "God is Love." His will is love, his power is love, his spirit is love, his works are love, his ways are love, his laws are love, his Gospel is love. "He so loved the world that he sent his Son to seek and save the lost."

The first of all conditions to a happy and religious life is, have perfect confidence in God. See, feel, know that he is love, and not only love in general, but that he loves you, cares for you, and will bring you at last to himself in peace. If there are trials sharp as fire and bitter as death, these also are parts of his ways, who is a God of Love. Every pang of pain is his love commended to our atten-

tion in a new way. Every heart-breaking sorrow throws down some barrier that we may see farther, enjoy more, taste a dearer, sweeter, more lasting, and more satisfying good. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Even they that seem stripped of their dearest possession find that they have too much great and never-failing blessings left, out of which all the pillars and masonry of heaven can yet be quarried—God, and their own immortal spirit.

Mankind have a terrible dread of atheism; and to say that a man is an atheist would be to mark and brand him with a stigma that would make him shunned by all his neighbours. To believe that evil can prevail over good, and eternize itself, this is to hold a weakened or incomplete faith in God. To despair of our own highest good is a touch of atheism. To believe that man is more inclined to evil than good in this life, and that he will, with a few exceptions, be doomed to woe everlasting in that which is to come, is to vacate both worlds so far of almighty goodness, and install in its place almighty evil, and to give the kingdom to Satan, not to the Father. So that much of the so-called faith, even of Christians, is rather an absence of faith. It is doubt and fear baptized by a holy name, and called faith. God is Almighty Love, and it will not do to believe that he either has been or can be defeated in his plans, either in this world or in the future state. Of what use to say "God" if we do not have the true idea which that word was intended to convey? God means the Good—does the word mean so to us? The apostle says, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God," *i. e.*, is in practical atheism, or without God in the world. In fact, all hate, evil, sin, malice, revenge are atheistic. They virtually say, if their language were carried out, "There is no God." They seem to deny, that in him is no darkness at all. Not how we speculate about God, but how we act, after all, governs the question, and decides who are believers in God. It matters little if I worship as an idol, or fetiche, a word called God, if I am not caught up by sympathy and adoring love of the glory and beauty and infinite goodness of this great Being, whom I thus address as God, and really feel that he is God the Good,

and that in his service perfect love casteth out fear. For if God is love, we have everything to hope for, both in this world and in that to come. And the only fear we can reasonably have is that we shall be so ill-disposed, or stupid, as to wrong so great a love, and not be as grateful, tender, obedient, and responsive as we ought to be for such an inconceivable blessing.

The ground-plan of the creation is love, and the ground-plan of every true life is love. Religion is love, piety is love of God, and philanthropy is love of man, and patriotism is love of country; the sentiments are the inspirers, the motive powers, and uplifters of the character. Plant one pure, generous, and enthusiastic sentiment in the soul of a youth, and it will in time burn out all the earthliness and grossness. We are made to love greatly, and be loved greatly. And nothing in this world is so much needed by myriads of poor, broken-down and despairing souls as the assurance that God loves them, that Christ loves them, and that there is a boundless life and bliss in store for them as soon as they turn to their Father and Saviour. It is by feeling one's self loved that one learns to love. Long the sun may shine without melting the snow and ice of winter, but melt them it will at last. So the Sun of Righteousness has long shone, and it is not yet hardly spring; only here and there a little May flower or pretty violet tells that the winter is past. Here and there a pure and good heart, or kind home, or loving church, or benevolent hospital, tells of the warmth of this sun. But summer will come, when the earth will be green and beautiful under its rays, and the autumn will follow, when fruits and harvests will show that the rain and sunshine can call out of the bosom of the earth, dark and cold and rocky as it seems, the pomp and richness of golden granaries and luscious vintages. Love, Divine Love, shines with spring's hopefulness, with summer's fervour, on our hearts and lives. Oh may it not shine in vain! In the great light and love of God may we see and feel light and love, and believe the love God hath to us, and walk worthy of being loved, cared for, and saved by so great and good a Being.—*Christian Inquirer.*

FIVE HUNDRED SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENTS FOR CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

VOLUME Second of the "*Christian Freeman*," which will commence with the January number of next year, will contain five hundred scriptural arguments for Christian Unitarianism.

The "One hundred scriptural arguments for Unitarianism," published by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, have been productive of very much good. No one can tell the number of Christians who now enjoy correct theological views from the influence of that useful tract. Yet we all know that this little tract touches but the negative side of our views, and only one point, that is, Jesus Christ is not God. We think there is scope given by our faith, from its positive as well as its negative aspect, to extend the arguments much further, and to show that we have a real affirmative belief founded on the general teaching of the Scriptures, and comprehending every article of christian faith, and capable of being expressed in the very words of scripture, "not in the words which man teacheth, but as the Holy Spirit teacheth."

The five hundred arguments we have promised to arrange in defence of our views will embrace both the negative and affirmative positions which we hold, and will not be confined to one article of our christian faith. We beg to submit to our readers the course intended to be pursued, and if any of our friends can point out to us a better and more efficient arrangement than the one we indicate, and it meets our approval, we will gladly follow it. The arguments will be divided into several sections, somewhat after the following manner:—

§ 1.

The christian faith of Unitarians expressed in the language of scripture.—This is a peculiar characteristic of our church: there is not one other church in christendom which can affirm that in the very words of scripture it expresses every article of its faith.—St. Paul has said, "If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness; he is proud, knowing nothing, but doting

about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings." 1 Timothy, vi. 3.

§ 2.

That there is but ONE supreme God, and that God is ONE.—The arguments for this will be conducted in the following manner. Passages of scripture adduced, in which God is styled *one, only, or alone* God. So spoken of in the strictest sense of unity or oneness by himself, prophets, psalmist, apostles and Christ. Termed God absolutely and in contradistinction to all other beings, and called the God and Father of Jesus Christ. Only a moiety of the many thousands of passages in the holy scripture which bear witness to the oneness of the Godhead will be adduced under this section. "ONE GOD THE FATHER." 1 Cor. vii. 6.

§ 3.

That God is no respecter of persons, and that prior to the death of Christ he was a God of love and tender mercy. And the scriptures declare before Christ died "that God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." The argument of this section is opposed to *partial grace, and purchased mercy*; that God is merciful as the scriptures declare "for his own sake," "for his name sake," and "for his mercy sake;" not as we are commonly taught, for Christ's sake.

§ 4.

That the Reconciliation or Atonement effected by Christ according to the scriptures, was not to reconcile God to us, but to reconcile us to God. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his death." 2 Cor. v. 21. The passages of this section will fully bear out the Unitarian view of the doctrine of at-one-ment "That God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself."

§ 5.

That the scripture teacheth that God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, is the only proper object of religious worship.—That Christ prayed to God and taught his disciples, and through them the whole christian church "that when ye pray say, our Father in heaven," "that the true worshippers shall worship the Father."

§ 6.

The arguments of the sixth section will be opposed to the doctrine of hereditary and natural depravity, and that the curse of God is over the earth; proving "that the Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life," "the whole earth is full of his glory." "His tender mercies are over all his works."

§ 7.

The seventh section will contain passages of scripture showing that the Holy Ghost is the spirit, or influence, or wisdom, or power, of God. *That God is a spirit, and that no proof exists of any more than one eternal, omnipresent, omniscient, spirit.* "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit which is in him (i. e. except the man himself), even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God; (i. e. but God himself)." 1 Cor. ii. 11.

§ 8.

Unitarians believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; but not God the Son, nor the supreme God, nor the second person of the Godhead. This section will contain ample evidence of the scripturalness of the Unitarian belief on this point, that Christ is the sent, anointed messenger of God. "Hear these words, Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of by God among you, by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him. Acts i. 22.

§ 9.

Regarding the object of Christ's suffering and death we believe "he died for us according to the scriptures;" not to satisfy divine justice, but "*That he gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.*" Titus ii. 14. Numerous passages will be adduced to show, that through suffering he became a perfect example of moral and pious life, and that thus "he became the author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him."

§ 10.

This section will contain the gospel plan of salvation as set forth in the Holy Scriptures. The question answered by Jesus, who are his disciples? *On whom the blessing of God is said to rest. And what*

we are commanded to do that we may inherit the kingdom of heaven. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. xxii. 14.

§ 11.

Under this section on sacrifice we will produce sufficient proof to show that God abominates the substitution of sacrifice for moral obedience; and that "*to do justice and judgement is more acceptable unto the Lord than sacrifice.*" "*And that love is more than all burnt offerings and sacrifices.*" Prov. xxi. 3. Mark xii. 33.

§ 12.

This section will contain the *divine plan of forgiveness, that amendment of life, a forgiving temper, a merciful disposition, a change of mind, is the scriptural doctrine of the means of forgiveness.* "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." Isa. lv. 7.

§ 13.

Unitarians believe in the unpurchased, unmerited, unlimited goodness of God; or what is sometimes called, "the free grace of God." They do not believe that eternal life is merited by anything they can believe, or say, or do, but that as the scripture truly declares "*eternal life is the gift of God.*" "Not by works of righteousness which we have done but by his mercy he saveth us." Under this head abundant scriptural evidence will be adduced to show that neither by *faith*, nor *works*, but by the mercy of God we shall obtain eternal life.

§ 14.

We believe that the Rule of religious faith and duty is made plain and easy in the scriptures. Under this section numerous passages will be brought forward to show that the scriptures do not require assent to any doctrine difficult in explanation or hard to be understood before you are accounted religious or a disciple of Christ. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James ii. 27.

§ 15.

Jesus Christ is our *Lord and Master*, the *Light of the World*, the *Head of the Christian Church*. The appointed *Judge* of all mankind. The *Prophet* that should come into the world. A *Teacher* come from God. Under this head scriptural proof will be given that we are not to be masters over one another, "that one is our Master even Christ and that we are all brethren." This section will be in opposition to Church traditions, spiritual tyranny, and Creed anathema.

§ 16.

Unitarians believe that the prominent features of Christianity are the spirit of love, not the spirit of fear; the doctrine of salvation, not of condemnation; of glad tidings of great joy to all people, not of sorrow and gloom to those who believe. Under this section abundant scriptural evidence will be advanced in support of these positions. "For God hath not appointed us to wrath but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. v. 9.

§ 17.

We do not believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked. This doctrine as it is popularly held rests entirely on the meaning of the terms *ever* and *everlasting*. This section of our argument will contain abundant scripture passages to show that the terms *ever* and *everlasting* are frequently used by the inspired writers with a meaning of limited or finite duration. And that the Bible is devoid of one jot of evidence, that when they apply to the punishment of the wicked, that they are infinite in their import or meaning.

Jonah says regarding the *three days* he was in the whale's belly, "The earth with her bars was about me for *ever*."

§ 18.

We believe in the *final* and *universal* triumph of the gospel. Under this section we will adduce sufficient scripture testimony to show that "Christ will reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet." "That he shall have dominion from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth." "And that all flesh, shall see the salvation of God." "All the families of the earth shall call him blessed."

ANNA MEISTER.

RELIGIOUS DELUSION.

VERDICT has just been recorded in the famous "Anna Meister case" in the Court at Philadelphia. She has been tried for conspiracy to defraud several persons. The jury after two days' deliberation, returned a verdict of "not guilty, but Anna Meister to pay the costs. This verdict is regarded as a virtual conviction of criminal practices. It may interest many of our readers to know something of this religious impostor.

Anna Meister is a young German woman, who has lived in Philadelphia for several years. A year or two ago she represented herself to be inspired, gathered followers of both sexes around her and began to preach to them. She declared herself at different times to be the daughter of God, the sister of Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost. She succeeded in getting quite a number of persons to believe in her, and she preached to them the end of the world was at hand. They believed that it was the Almighty that spoke through her, and when she told them that they must give her money, jewellery, plate, finery, and other valuables, they did not hesitate to comply with her demands. She wanted a blue satin dress to ascend in, when the end of the world should arrive, and the money to procure it was contributed.

In the course of the trial it was ascertained that one woman had given her about sixty pounds in money and presents, another over one hundred; one a ring worth fifty pounds, another a gold watch, another a silver pitcher, another dresses, and indeed every whim of this remarkable impostor was instantly and cheerfully granted by her deluded followers. She wanted a silver crown set with jewels, and promised that those who contributed to it should be the first to go to heaven; the money was given and the crown procured. She wanted a gold watch and chain, and those who contributed should be carried up to heaven by the chain; the watch and chain were purchased. She did not in her *quasi* divine character, scorn such little gifts as ribbons, collars, under sleeves, silk stockings, baskets and other trifles, all of which were generously supplied to

her. She always disavowed accepting or using these things for her own pleasure, but said it was in compliance with the command of God.

The woman, clever as she was in obtaining proselytes, and in getting money and valuables from them, does not appear to have presented any particular doctrine or well-defined creed. Beyond declaring that she was the sister of the Saviour, and that she was sent to warn and prepare the people for the end of the world, there is no appearance of any pretension to a distinctive theology. The various witnesses do not all agree on minor points, and it is quite possible that, having no very clear notions of doctrine herself, she contradicted herself at times. Occasionally she pretended to have some miraculous power, and attempted to cure diseases; but again she had not this power, but would have it shortly. At one time she would say, she was sister of the Saviour, at another, the Holy Ghost, and she frequently declared that it was the Holy Ghost that spoke through her.

At one time she declared that it was Adam and not Eve that brought sin into this world. To one person she gave a string of commandments, and mingled grotesquely among those of a religious character, was one forbidding the use of coffee, tobacco and onions. On one occasion she baptized a child after death, saying it was necessary for its salvation. On another she made four young girls kneel down and swear before her to serve God forever, and then she gave each of them three swallows of lemonade, which they drank in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. She generally said that the destruction of the world would begin in Philadelphia, and only those would be saved who attached themselves to her.

These are a few illustrations of this marvelous imposture, which, strange to say, created a great excitement in a portion of the German population; for the victims of the delusion were, we believe, all Germans, and Anna Meister preached in her own language. The effects of it in the families of her followers were often distressing. The women who were deceived by her had to deceive their husbands, in order to get money to satisfy her impor-

unate demands. Some families were reduced to poverty, and in all there was a certain credulity of a wife or daughter.

It is said that separations of man and wife, and parent and child, were caused by the delusion, while some of the victims have been brought to a condition little short of insanity. There are some who still persist in believing all that she says, and now that she has been delivered from the hands of justice, they will probably ascribe it to a miraculous agency, and rally round her more devotedly than ever.

When an ignorant and unlettered woman like Anna Meister, in an enlightened and wealthy city of 600,000 inhabitants like Philadelphia, where schools and churches abound, can gather around her a congregation of disciples, it is not surprising that an imposture like Mormonism should succeed.

A SHORT SERMON ON DEBT.

OWE no man anything. Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle in tin-ware, do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run into debt. As you value comfort, quiet, and independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters; the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a mill-stone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the whole firmament of man's being. It eclipses the sun; it blots out the stars; it dims and defaces the beautiful blue sky. It breaks the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles; it plucks the eye of its light. It drags the nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of a man; it takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not, then, under its crushing dominion.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I was standing in the broad crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and though the sun had been shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the ground. There was a clear, bright look, and a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen, northwest wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a poor, ill-clad child; her clothes were scant and threadbare; she had no cloak and no shawl, and her little feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped, and she fell with a cry of pain; but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumped up, although she limped sadly, endeavouring to run as before.

"Stop! little girl—stop!" said a sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a huge shawl, and with furs all around her, who came out of a jeweller's shop close by. "Poor little child!" said she, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me."

How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked! "Oh, I can not," said the little child, "I cannot wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will not get any shoes to bind."

"To-night?" said the beautiful woman, "to-night?"

"Yes," said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—"yes, for the great ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled, and—"

The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed and then turned pale; but I—yes, I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of the slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—written, but I could not tell it.

"And where does your mother live, little girl?"

So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes that they might have bread; but that sometimes they were very cold, and that her mother sometimes cried that she had no money to buy milk for her little brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly and gave it back to the little girl; but she gave her nothing else—no, not a sixpence; and turning away, she went back into the store from which she had just come out. As she went away I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her a moment, and with her little bare feet—colder than they were before—ran quickly away, and in the same direction that the carriage had gone.

I went with the little girl, and I saw her to a narrow, damp street, and into a small dark room; I saw her mother—her sad, faded mother, but with her face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the baby slept and the mother laid it on her lap. The bundle was then unrolled, and a dim candle helped her with her work; for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after awhile, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, folded her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the child slept and

dreamed—ah! such pleasant dreams of warm stockings and new shoes. But the mother sewed alone, and as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slippers, came there no repining into the heart? When she thought of her child's bare cold feet, and the scant morsel of dry bread, that had not satisfied her hunger, came visions of a bright room and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good, a little of which spared to her would give warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling.

If such thoughts came, and others too of a pleasant cottage, and one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come repiningly, there also came another; and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low, in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me, for thou doest things well, and I trust to thee." Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was a spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a bright fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was placed on the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said in a voice like music: "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow;"—only as she went I heard her say, "Better than diamonds!" What could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes she blessed her God who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went too; and I went to a bright room, where there was music and dancing and sweet flowers; and I saw young, happy faces, and beautifully dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew, until one passed me whose dress was of simple white, with only a rosebud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper was on her feet; but she moved as one who treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt as I gazed upon her, that she was almost an angel of God.

VAIN QUESTIONS.

Thousands on Thousands of massy volumes have been written on matters of no interest. Questions have been discussed by Theologians, for ages and centuries, that have no relation whatever to human duty or to human welfare. Men have disputed with the utmost warmth whether sin were a relation, a negation, a privation, a nothing, or a something. How much more rational it would have been to have adhered to the common sense declaration of an Ancient, 'Sin is the transgression of the law.' How much more wisely and religiously would those disputants have spent their time, if they had laboured to understand and explain the law of God of which sin is the transgression, and to bring men to act in accordance with its requirements.

Another question that was warmly discussed in days gone by was, whether the rectitude or deformity of an act differ from the substance of the act. What folly! We cannot be too careful to avoid the errors of those ancient theological disputants. We cannot be too careful to discountenance such vain disputations, and to call men's attention to matters of a practical character, and of great and universal importance.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

The first truth contained in that is God's personal existence. It is not chance, nor fate, which sits at the wheel of this world revolutions. It was no fortuitous concourse of atoms which massed themselves into a world of beauty. It was no accidental train of circumstances which have brought the human race to its present state. It was a living God. And it is just so far as *this* conviction of every day and every hour, and every minute,—“My Redeemer *liveth*,” that one man deserves to be called more religious than another. To be religious is to feel that God is the Ever Near. It is to go through life with this thought coming instinctively and unbidden, “Thou, God, seest me.” A life of religion is a life of faith; and faith is that strange faculty by which man feels the presence of the invisible; exactly as some animals have the power of seeing in the dark. That is the difference between the Christian and the world. Most men know nothing beyond what they see. Their lovely world is all to them; its outer beauty, not its hidden loveliness. Prosperity—struggle—sadness—it is all the same. They struggle through it alone, and when old age comes, and the companions of early days are gone, they feel that they are solitary. In all this strange deep world, they never meet, or but for a moment, the spirit of it all, who stands at their very side. And it is exactly the opposite of this that makes a Christian. Move where he will, there is a thought and a Presence which he cannot put aside. He is haunted forever by the Eternal Mind. God looks out upon him from the clear sky, and through the thick darkness,—is present in the rain drop that trickles down the branches, and in the tempest that crashes down the forest. A living Redeemer stands beside him—goes with him—talks with him as a man with his friend. The emphatic description of a life of spirituality is: “Enoch walked with God,” and it seemed to be one reason why a manifestation of God was given to us in the flesh, that this Livingness of God might be more distinctly felt by us. We must not throw into these words of Job a meaning which Job had not. Reading these verses, some have discovered in them all the Christian doctrine of the Second Advent,—of a resurrection—of the humanity of Christ. This is simply an anachronism. Job was an Arabian Emir, not a Christian. All that Job meant by these words was, that he knew he had a vindicator in God above; that though his friends had the best of it then, and though worms were preying on his flesh, yet at last God himself would interfere to prove his innocence. But God has given to us, for our faith to rest on, something more distinct and tangible than He gave to Job. There has been One on earth through whose lips God's voice spoke; and from whose character reflected the character of God. A living Person manifesting Deity. It is all this added meaning gained from Christ with which we use these words: “I know that my Redeemer *liveth*.” But we must remember that all that was not revealed to Job.—*Robertson's Sermons.*

We know not why all that has been urged in behalf of discussion in general, should not be applicable to the discussion of religious questions. The one tends to elucidate, we are told,—then ought the other to conceal? The one is favourable to truth,—will the other subserve only the interests of error? The one is an exercise of candour,—will the other be less so?

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

PRAYER.

“Mother, what is prayer?” said a little child the other day, to one who, he was quite sure, knew all about such things. “What is prayer, my child? Why, it is asking God for what we want. It is earnest words, offered to God. When you say your prayers, and do not think much about them, it is not really praying because you are not in earnest.” So the mother talked to her child, as if doubtful that its little mind took in the deep meaning of the great subject. The child seemed to think a moment, and then said, “Can we pray to anybody but God?” “Yes, dear, as you sometimes pray to me, when you wish for something very, *very* much.” “O, yes, mother! I remember when I wanted you to make me a ball, and I said, ‘O mother! do, do, *do* make my ball before to-morrow morning,’ and I would not let you go until you promised me, and then I knew I should have it.”

The mother now began to see a deeper meaning in prayer than she had before seen. That little mind had sent a ray of light into the curtained windows of her greater intellect. Her child had exhibited prayer to her in a new light. Her theory had been correct, but her head and heart had been too far apart. She had not once thought of urging her request until she received God's promise. Oh, no! she prayed, and was satisfied with performing the duty of prayer. She had never been in earnest; had never desired that for which she prayed, as her child desired its ball.

Oh, what simplicity and beauty there is in a true prayer! and how much that is called praying is but mockery in the sight of Him who trieth the heart. We tell God of his works, of what He has done, and what He will do, as if we were telling him of something He did not know. We talk long and loud to him in praise of his perfections, but without striving to be perfect; of his love while we indulge in hate; of his forgiving mercy, while we are unforgiving and unmerciful,—verily supposing God to believe that we adore the attributes we fail to transcribe. How many long eulogiums—they are not prayers—are offered to God of this kind, not really asking of him a single blessing, and all because we do not really and truly desire such blessings as God has to bestow. Is it any wonder that many people doubt the futility of prayer. And further, still, by our great Master it is enjoined upon us, that when we come before the altar and there remember that our brother hath ought against us, we have to leave the altar, and first be reconciled to our brother. Let the heart be right; let it feel the supremacy of goodness and love over hate—of justice over wrong; let it see the eternal beauty of holiness, and the loathsome nature of sin; let it contemplate the perfect One, until it goes out after perfection, after God, with unutterable desire, and the true prayer is begun.—The soul then seeks God, that it may correctly transcribe it. It asks for the Christ-like spirit, that it may put it on as a garment. And it may ask, and ever ask; and constant answers of peace and joy will descend, while higher visions of truth, of purity and beauty, will as constantly fill the expanding powers of the soul, and it will again reach forth for these, and hymns of gratitude and Te Deums of praise will crown the victories gained, until the whole soul is subject to Christ. Then, and only then, can the hope of universal and entire holiness be enjoyed, and we learn to “Pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.”

JESSIE NORLAND.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

EDUCATION.—The Prussian School Counsellor, Dinton, nobly said:—"I promised God that I would look upon every Prussian peasant child as a being who could complain of me before God, if I did not provide him with the best education, as a man and a Christian, which it was possible for me to provide."

Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank Heaven who has given her health to be a one. It is better than a distorted spine or hectic cheek. Little girls ought to be great romps—far better than paying doctor's bills for them. A gymnasium should be attached to every school, and every scholar ought to profit by such advantage.

CLERICAL BIGOTRY.—We learn from the *Norfolk News* that the Bishop of Norfolk convened the ministers of that city for prayer on behalf of India, and that the clergy to a large extent refused to pray with Non-conformists. The editor forcibly remarks:—"That savages of different creeds can be one to do the work of hell, but Christians cannot be one to pray that Heaven's will may be done on earth."

COLOUR AND HEALTH.—The workers who occupy rooms with large windows, so that the sun's rays pass through the rooms, are most healthy. Where light, ventilation, and drainage are equal, we find the most healthy and cheerful workers in white-washed rooms. We would drop a hint to the authorities of all houses, schools, workshops, and asylums, to eschew yellow, buff, or anything approaching to these, as the colour for the interior of their buildings.—*Builder*

WORTH HEEDING.—If men gave three times as much attention as they now do to ventilation, ablution, and exercise in the open air, and only one third as much to eating, furnishing, and late hours, the number of doctors, dentists, apothecaries, and the amount of neuralgia, dyspepsia, gout, fever, and consumption, would be changed into a corresponding ratio. Mankind would rapidly present the aspect, not only of a far healthier and thriftier, but a far more beautiful and virtuous race.

DR. DICK A UNIVERSALIST.—We often thought it improbable that the late Dr. Dick who manifested in all his writings so much benevolence could hold the awful doctrine of God's eternal vengeance. We rejoice to state that he has left unquestionable proof in a letter to a friend in America, that he did not believe in these popular notions of theology, but that he was a believer in the ultimate salvation of mankind. For our part we wonder that any person having a cultivated and benevolent mind like Dr. Dick can entertain any other than those enlarged and elevated conceptions of Deity.

ONE OF PHARAOH'S DAHLIAS.—Lord Lindsay states that, in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years of age. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its hands a tubercular or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and he therefore took that tubercular root from the mummy's hand, planted it on a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of Heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root brought forth and bloomed in a beauteous dahlia. How much is set forth that is encouraging in the foregoing fact, and may be viewed illustrative of the probable eternal duration of the human soul and truth.

Beresford Hope, Esq., M.P., at a meeting on Church Education, at Maidstone, made the following remarks:—"I am not one of those who believe that the age we live in is more vicious than any other. No doubt the records of crime and misery everywhere about us are appalling, but I believe it is not the blackness of darkness which has grown darker, but we are blessed more than our forefathers in having eyes to see and consciences to feel what that darkness is; and that being so, we have guarded ourselves up to grapple with it, and to promote the cause of light, and truth, and happiness."

SECTARIAN DOG.—The *Nantucket Inquirer* gives an interesting account of a sectarian dog in that place, which has so far forgotten all that belongs to well behaved doghood, as to imitate one of the worst traits of humanity. It ought to abandon its habit of walking in a quadruped manner, and go on its hind legs.

"A friend of ours has a dog which exhibits remarkable sectarian preferences, a measure of which the most bigoted of bipeds rarely indulge in. At the sound of the bell of the Orthodox church the dog begins to howl, yelling rather rapidly and dismally when the Baptist bell salutes his ear, but no sooner does the Unitarian bell ring than the discordant noise instantly ceases and he becomes quiet."

Forty years ago Dr. Beecher went to Boston, avowedly to put down the "Unitarian Heresy." The Trinitarian press of the United States now discovers that both in the "*Conflict of Ages*," and in "*Common sense applied to Religion*," two very popular books of the Beecher family, there effect will be to put down the Trinitarian Heresy. The *Puritan Recorder* affirms Miss Beecher's work to be "an outspoken renunciation of some of the fundamental truths of evangelical religion." Unitarianism has given Dr. Beecher the Gamaliel proof "that it is of God and he cannot overthrow it."

An English officer in India, while sitting at a table, was noticed to turn pale with fright, and on being asked the reason, quietly replied that a snake had come into the room and twisted itself around his leg and a leg of the table. A gentleman rose to kill it, but he said, "Do not touch it. Don't wake it, for it will strike its fangs into me. Let it wake of itself, and it will leave me harmless." The company left silently, and the officer remained in perfect stillness till the snake waked and crawled out of the room. Remember that in some cases, silence and nonresistance are the best defence.

The humane and accomplished Dr. Wilbur affirms that idiocy is arrested development, that out of a class of twenty pupils only three could count ten. Their great want is the want of attention. Many can not talk; it often requires two or three years to enable them to utter a single word distinctly. In almost all cases home treatment only confirms the malady. In three hundred and fifty-nine cases, all but four originated in parents who had brought on some confirmed disease by the violation of the laws of nature. In every instance, the four excepted, either one or both parents were either unhealthy, scrofulous, disposed to insanity, indulged in animal excesses, or had married blood relations. Let every reader commit to memory these five causes, for to have an idiot child, how terrible the infliction! More than one-fourth of three hundred and fifty-nine idiots were the children of drunkards; one out of every twenty was the child of the marriage of near relations; in one such family five children out of eight were idiotic. If, then, health, temperance, and chastity are not duties, then we are irresponsible.

DIAMOND DUST.

As the small planets are nearest the sun, so are little children nearest to God.

Zeal without knowledge is but a religious frenzy. It is religion frightened out of its wits.

It is too often forgotten that better does not necessarily imply good.

Be not afraid of seeing the truth, if you are, God will not shew it.

Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.

God never fails them that wait for him, nor forsakes them that work for him.

Nothing but what is God's dishonour should be our shame.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

Better own God in destitution, than live without him in plenty.

It is a fearful thing to need many strokes; but a mercy to have them if needed.

Whoever would have the peace of Christ, let him seek first the spirit of Christ.

Real holiness has love for its essence, humility for its clothing, the good of others for its employment, and the honour of God as its end.

If we hide our talent in the earth, we shall lose our treasure in heaven. A Christian should never say he hath nothing to do.

Fear God for his power, trust him for his wisdom, love him for his goodness, praise him for his greatness, believe him for his faithfulness, and adore him for his holiness.

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love which hath ends, will have an end; whereas that which is founded on true virtue, will always continue.

As a small mistake in the levelling of the arrow at the hand, makes a wide distance at the mark, so a small mistake in the notion of truth makes a wide error in the practice of godliness.

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone forever.

Some one has said of those who die young, that They are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

Cheerfulness and a festive spirit fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorification of God; it produces thankfulness, and serves the ends of charity.

Religion purifies the heart; it is an active living principle. All who seek for it may receive it, for it is not far from any of us.—And there need be no doubt in the mind of him who possesses it, for St. Paul declares:—"The spirit itself testifies with our spirit that we are born of God."

If a man loses the command of his temper, he loses himself, for what is any man while a prey to fury? Without serenity of mind, who can hold fast truth? If we would be useful, we must learn to bear and forbear each other in love; to receive him that is weak in the faith not to doubtful disputations, not to judgment for non-essential variations from our creed, but to holy communion; for every one of us must give an account of himself unto God.

ALL MEN DRAWN TO CHRIST.

The voice of religion is one of tenderness and sympathy. It does not address us as strangers to whom the idiom of heaven is an unknown tongue, but, wherever we are, it speaks to us as kindred, friends, children. It speaks to all as though they were unwilling exiles inviting them back. If it speaks of fears, they are fears whose shadow is on the heart. If it denounces guilt, it is a guilt that sits on our souls like a haunting presence. It evermore invites. But we do not mean by this, that it calls to us from a distance. It is not merely a *voice* heard in history, and from afar. It is an *influence* that enters the soul itself. It deals with us as with beings who are gifted with sacred powers; and who are capable of becoming nobler. Its office is not to contrive an escape, charm away a curse, wash out some defilement, save them from inexhaustible suffering! On the other hand, its work is to emancipate the soul from wrong, and quicken it into growing life.

Well did the Redeemer say, "I will *draw* all men unto me." The doctrine of Jesus is perfectly calculated to *draw* men. It holds up to view those virtues and those advantages which are powerful attractions. In the passage, ("Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.") those who are heavy laden are promised rest. What can be more inviting to any who have for a long time laboured under an intolerable burden, than an opportunity to cast it off, and enjoy rest? Suppose men were in bondage and hard servitude, as were the Israelites in Egypt, oppressed with severe taskmasters and made to serve with the most cruel rigor; and a humane, benevolent prince should ransom them all, and invite them into his country, where they should have all things they wanted without money and without price, where no law but the perfect law of liberty exists, where they would have no service to perform but such in which they should have perfect delight and freedom; would not a clear manifestation of these facts draw them away from the tyrant to their kind deliverer and saviour? Would it be necessary to threaten them and preach up terror to them? Would it be proper to tell them that the person who had ransomed them would come and put them to the most cruel tortures if they did not immediately enter his services? Under all these circumstances, would it be necessary to tell these miserable wretches that it is true their present services are very light, merely nothing in comparison with the service of the prince who had purchased them, but then this prince would punish them all with the most cruel tortures if they should not enter his service without delay? If anything could possibly operate to deceive these redeemed ones, and to keep them in slavery, it must be some such deceit. As certain as they should be made to believe such falsehoods, they would make nice calculations not to go into the hated service any sooner than just to escape the tortures threatened. But suppose they should go to this person in consequence of these threatenings: they would not be *drawn*—they would be *driven*. Jesus did not say, I will *drive* all men to me. If we were to judge by some preaching that we hear, we should suppose the preachers were sent to *drive* us to heaven, in the greatest haste, too, for fear our Redeemer would destroy us.

THE THREE PREACHERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, L.L.D.

THERE are three Preachers, ever preaching

Fill'd with eloquence and power :

One is old, with locks of white,

Skinny as an anchorite ;

And he preaches every hour

With a shrill fanatic voice,

And a Bigot's fiery scorn :—

“Backward! ye presumptuous nations ;

Man to misery is born !

Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—

Born to labour and to pray ;

BACKWARD! ye presumptuous nations ;

Back!—be humble and obey !”

The second is a milder Preacher ;

Soft he talks as if he sung ;

Sleek and slothful is his look,

And his words, as from a book,

Issue glibly from his tongue.

With an air of self-content,

High he lifts his fair white hands :

“STAND YE STILL! ye restless nations ;

And be happy all ye lands !

Fate is law, and law is perfect ;

If ye meddle, ye will mar ;

Change is rash, and ever was so :

We are happy as we are.

Mightier is the younger Preacher,

Genius flashes from his eyes :

And the crowds who hear his voice,

Give him, while their souls rejoice,

Throbbing bosoms for replies.

Awed they listen, yet elated,

While his stirring accents fall ;—

“FORWARD! ye deluded nations,

Progress is the rule of all :

Man was made for healthful effort ;

Tyranny has crushed him long ;

He shall march from good to better,

And do battle with the wrong.

“Standing still is idle folly,

Going backward is a crime :

None should patiently endure

Any ill that he can cure ;

ONWARD! keep the march of Time.

Onward! while a wrong remains

To be conquer'd by the right ;

While Oppression lifts a finger

To affront us by his might :

While an error clouds the reason.

Of the universal heart,

Or a slave awaits his freedom,

Action is the wise man's part.

“Lo! the world is rich in blessings—

Earth and Ocean, flame and wind,

Have unnumber'd secrets still,

To be ransack'd when you will,

For the service of mankind ;

Science is a child as yet,

And her power and scope shall grow,

And her triumphs in the future

Shall diminish toil and woe ;

Shall extend the bounds of pleasure

With an ever-widening ken,

And of woods and wildernesses

Make the homes of happy men.

“ONWARD!—there are ills to conquer,

Daily wickedness is wrought,

Tyranny is swoll'n with Pride,

Bigotry is deified,

Error is entwined with Thought,

Vice and Misery ramp and crawl ;

Root them out, their day has pass'd :

Goodness is alone immortal ;

Evil was not made to last :

ONWARD! and all Earth shall aid us

Ere our peaceful flag be fur'd.”—

And the preaching of this Preacher

Stirs the pulses of the world.

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